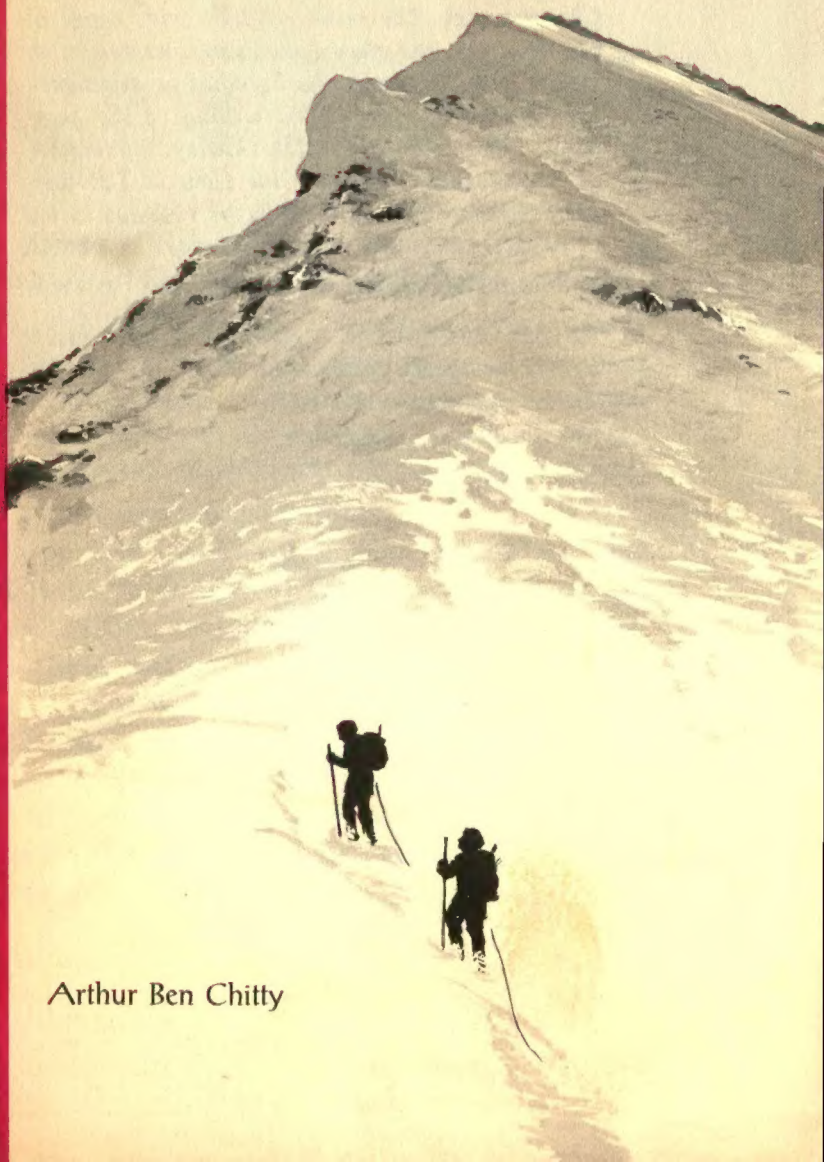


• PIONEER • BUILDERS • FOR • CHRIST •

# Hudson Stuck of Alaska



Arthur Ben Chitty

HUDSON STUCK OF ALASKA

BY ARTHUR BEN CHITTY

*This pamphlet is one of a series of biographies of Pioneer Builders in the Church's work edited by THE REV. POWEL MILLS DAWLEY, PH.D. Each pamphlet presents a glimpse into the life and work of a Christian who has responded to the call of a missionary vocation in some pioneer area of the Church's task. The series covers a wide range of people, times, and places, and each is written by an author whose interests, background or experience are peculiarly suited to the writing of the pamphlet. The general editor, Dr. Dawley, is Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the General Theological Seminary, and author of two volumes in the CHURCH'S TEACHING SERIES, Chapters in Church History and The Episcopal Church and Its Work.*

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THE NAME OF THE MOTOR LAUNCH *Pelican* was not visible to the Yukon river captain as he drew near to see if he could pull the smaller vessel from a sandbar.

"Who are you?" he called.

"I'm Stuck," came the reply.

"Any fool can see you are stuck," the captain said with appropriate profanity, "but what is your *name!*"

Apocryphal or not, this meeting could only have taken place between 1908, when Archdeacon Hudson Stuck's friends in the United States gave him his priceless mission boat, and 1913, when he became the first man to conquer Mount McKinley.

In a giant, crude land of hardy natives and wild avaricious prospectors, the Ven. Hudson Stuck seemed a man unlikely to succeed. "There are plenty of men less capable and less sensitive who can go to Alaska," fumed his senior warden Judge Stuart Simpkins in Dallas when, in 1904, the Dean of St. Matthew's Cathedral announced his intention to leave. He was nearing the peak of a remarkable career. At 40, after a decade in Dallas, he was the president of the Standing Committee of the diocese and a clerical trustee of his



*alma mater*, the University of the South. He had led an effective crusade against child labor, and had started an orphan's home to complement the splendid classical school he also founded. Stuck was in many ways a "first citizen" of Dallas. His church building, the most outstanding in the city, was largely paid for through his efforts. His boy choir was probably the best in the entire Episcopal Church. Although he died a British subject, friends remember him for punctilious observance of patriotic occasions and for the American flag which always flew over the Cathedral, his schools, and his far-flung missions.

Stuck was described as a nervous man, tense and very untidy. He loved dogs, horses, boys, and Alaskan natives. Women admired him but considered him short-tempered and unreasonable. He was violently opinionated, but on discovering he had made a mistake would saddle his horse and ride a mile to apologize to someone who had felt the lash of his argument. He kept a tramps' headquarters, losing dozens of blankets and coats to overnight bums. He was against the renting of pews, but let the vestry run that aspect of parish affairs. But when some vestrymen who wanted to continue pew rent also objected to his genuflecting, he paid no attention. He ran that part of the church.

It was a "dreary evening session" at the 1898 General Convention in Washington that changed Stuck's ministry. As a delegate from his diocese, he went to hear the first report of the new Bishop of Alaska, Peter Trimble Rowe. Stuck was infuriated when part of the small crowd drifted away early. He pondered for three years and at the following Convention in San Francisco in 1901 again heard Rowe pleading his heart out.



HUDSON STUCK: Archdeacon of Alaska 1904-1920

His mind was made up. He left what almost surely would have led him to his Church's highest office, and went to Alaska.

#### THE YOUTHFUL STUCK

IN Paddington, near London, England, on November 11, 1863, James and Jane Hudson Stuck had a son. It was a year of industrial dislocation with cotton mills standing idle. In the land to which the little boy would one day go, there had been a battle in Pennsylvania bloodier than Waterloo, Gettysburg, and its outcome determined the very future of the land to which the youngster would emigrate.

Hudson attended Westbourne Park Public School and King's College, London. At the urging of his Presbyterian parents, he took civil service examinations but was rejected because his handwriting did not conform to the stylized requirements of those pretypewriter times. Exactly why in 1885 he shipped out for Australia is not clear. He was a tubercular type and even at 22 he had become an inveterate pipe smoker. His racking cough, the bad weather of England, a bit of wanderlust, a nagging father, disappointment with civil service, the prospect of war with Russia, the general impecuniosity of his family—any, but more likely all, of these prompted him to book passage on a slow, meandering vessel. Somehow, he disembarked six weeks out at New Orleans on April 1 and went into Texas which then, with Colorado, had a world-wide reputation for healthfulness. A "lunger" who had no chance in smoggy London might live out a full career in the American West, it was said.

Letters back home during this period do not reveal



a young man grappling with a call to the ministry. Twenty-two-year-old Hudson was simply trying to eke out a living on a frontier which paid poorly for everything and very poorly for what he could do. But, the letters show a vigor in writing which was to make him a journalist of international fame. Of his trip, for instance, he wrote:

When the sea is rough, when great waves are breaking over the deck every few minutes, you will understand that it is impossible that we should be elsewhere than below. This you can understand, but what being below means, you can't understand at all. It means being cooped up 140 of us without light or air, save such light as three or four oil lamps swung from the ceiling give, and such air as can find its way down the narrow companionway. It means lying down side by side and one above the other in our bunks or standing against the iron posts for there are no seats or tables or anything below but bunks or iron posts. To read or to write is impossible. There isn't enough light to read a Family Bible. It means worse than this. It means vile smells, vile atmosphere, and sleeping wet, for none of the portholes fit properly. . . . Moreover, the iron of our prison sweats, that is to say the atmosphere condenses upon the roof and falls in large drops the night through. . . . Much clothing and goods belonging to the steerage passengers was wetted and destroyed during one night in the Bay of Biscay, when the water was a foot deep on the floor and at every roll of the vessel was thrown violently from side to side, dashing up into the bunks. . . .

In San Antonio, employment did not materialize. Stuck waited a week, then left for Junction City with a freight wagon. He slept on the ground, shot and cooked rabbit, squirrel, duck, and pigeon, and swam in the Guadaloupe River, killed a nine-foot snake, enjoyed big campfires and pots of coffee, and was ready

for work when rancher "Yankee" Bundy of Maynard Creek, Kemple County offered to hire him for general work. At ten dollars a month plus board he was happy, even though word news, by the time he heard it, was "older than the whiskey." He begged his London schoolmate for a copy of *Punch* or *Society* in the next mail.

In the ensuing four years he "rode the lines" at \$2.50 per day (furnishing his own horse and expenses) for the telegraph company, willingly climbing the wooden poles, dreading the metal ones, especially in hot weather. He taught here and there, being steered into a principalship at Cuero by a new friend, the Rt. Rev. James Steptoe Johnston, recently elected second Bishop of West Texas. Stuck's Anglican background, his precise speaking and thinking, and his intellectual energy increasingly tempted the Bishop to draw the young Englishman into the Church's work. Before long, Stuck was a lay reader. When after four years his salary was still only forty dollars a month and he had sold his horse to pay debts, he listened to his bishop and was launched into the second of the four major phases of his life: his student days at the University of the South.

With financial assistance from Bishop Johnston, Hudson Stuck became matriculant number 85 in the young seminary whose "great teacher" was the formidable theologian William Porcher DuBose, one of the few men Stuck ever knew who would write more books than he. Going back to college at the age of 26 can be an enriching experience; for Stuck it was particularly so.



## SEWANEE DAYS

ON the faculty at Sewanee, Hudson Stuck got to know some genuine giants. There was Edmund Kirby-Smith, four-star Confederate general, in the height of his maturity. Stuck went on a hike with the General's son, Reynold, and other students and was marooned in a primitive one-room schoolhouse at Jumpoff during a thundershower. The boys broke out some beer and were enjoying themselves when a member of the local constabulary arrived. He charged them with violating a church. It seems that the cabin was used for divine services on Sunday. The boys might have suffered incarceration had not the General himself appeared in their behalf with legal talent. Until he graduated in 1892, Stuck and the General were fast friends.

Then there was the seminary dean, the Rev. Telfair Hodgson. In 1890 he had stepped down as president of the institution after giving it the best decade of administration it had thus far enjoyed. Another remarkable personality on the campus was Thomas Frank Gailor, later Bishop of Tennessee and president of the National Council. He had just been elevated from the chaplaincy to replace Dr. Hodgson as vice-chancellor. He, like Stuck, loved to walk the mountain trails and talk. Equally as stimulating were Hudson's fellow students. At a time when there were only a hundred or so doing college level work, the percentage of rising leaders was astonishing. There was William T. Manning, future Bishop of New York and his lifelong "side-thorn" William Norman Guthrie, sometime to be rector of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouerie, New York. There were Edward McCrady, author and philosopher of Oxford, Mississippi; Daniel Troy Beatty, future Coadjutor of Tennes-

see; Wilmer Gresham who declined election as Bishop of the Philippines to remain Dean of Grace Cathedral in San Francisco; Edgar Gardner Murphy, known to historians as the organizer of the Southern Educational Board; Charles J. Miller, who became president of the American College of Surgeons; Rufus E. Fort, founder of the National Life and Casualty Insurance Company; Ellwood Wilson, president of the Canadian Forestry Association; George Hamman, president of the Texas National Bank of Houston; Arthur Crownover, presiding judge of the Tennessee Court of Appeals; Henry Judah Mikell and William Mercer Green, Jr., respectively Bishops of Atlanta and of Mississippi. With the most resounding name of all (like a trunk falling downstairs, its owner averred, there was Archibald Willingham de Graffenreid Butt, future aide to Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft. It was a varied group and a good one. All had a part in educating each other.

At Sewanee, Stuck took no part in varsity athletics. Baseball was at its zenith of popularity, with football entering the scene while he was in school. He did participate in dramatics, debating, and in the very active chapter of Delta Tau Delta fraternity. He was the most popular of the student toastmasters in a day when banquets were staged at the drop of a tureen. Best of all, he liked walking, and when he would come back to Sewanee he always found an old crony or two and struck out for Cooley's Rift, Thumping Dick Hollow, Shakerag, or Lost Cove Cave.

From this scene he returned as a young clergyman to West Texas to pay off his educational obligation. He served St. Stephen's Church, Goliad, and Grace

Church, Cuero. He then became rector in 1894 and dean in 1896 of St. Matthew's Cathedral in Dallas. In those days thirty-year-old deans were rare and around Stuck immediately gathered the aura of the brilliant-young-priest-going-far.

In Dallas, he attained a full development. His preaching was dramatic, with its poetic illustrations, but still restrained. The boy choir of the Cathedral was a triumphant success. Bishop Juhan, one of its alumni, describes Stuck's leadership as very strict. He wanted everything done with decorum and order. Before services the youngsters were made to stand in perfect silence. Any whisper was punished with a slap on the cheek or an ear pulling. Stuck was high strung, emotional, and a profound perfectionist. The high point of the year for the choir boys was a week-long camping trip, paid for by a minstrel show which always sold out.

Such was the man who responded to the voice of Peter Trimble Rowe.

#### THE ALASKAN MISSION

THE Alaska of historic times has been a vast, cold peninsula of 580,000 square miles, about a third in the Arctic Circle. Even geographers are frequently astonished to learn that one-sixth of North America lies in the Arctic and that Alaska's coastline equals one and a half times the distance around the world.

By 1800 there were a dozen Russian Orthodox missionaries in Alaska, despite the tragic loss at sea of a Russian bishop and several priests. When the United States bought Alaska for \$7,200,000 in 1867, there were twenty-seven Russian clergy in seven isolated sta-



tions. While Russians settled along the coast and traded with Eskimos, the English pushed their way west across the divide, and into the Indian country of the great Yukon Valley.

It was this central plateau of Alaska, an area of nearly a quarter million square miles, which Hudson Stuck accepted as his archdeaconry. There, he found Anglican services had preceded him, not only through Bishop Rowe, but also by way of English missionaries. William W. Kirby, first to visit the upper Yukon, and Robert MacDonald, who set the astonishing record of serving Yukon tributaries for fifty years, translating Bible, Prayer Book, and Hymnal into Indian. While Stuck travelled down the Arctic slope north to the frozen sea, and on one occasion dog sledded westward through the Bering Strait, for the most part he worked the great heartland, boating or snowshoeing the Koyukuk, Chandalar, Tanana, and Porcupine valleys, all tributary to the Yukon.

Episcopalians trailed other Churches into Alaska. Canadian Methodists and American Presbyterians were active there prior to its establishment as a missionary district by the General Convention in 1892. Four priests and two women had been sent in the previous six years by the Church missionary society. The first Episcopal structure in the territory, Christ Church, Anvik, was built in 1894 from funds received in the first United Thank Offering of 1889. Peter Trimble Rowe was elected first bishop in 1895 and arrived a year later to begin his long and vigorous episcopate. Stuck's immediate predecessor in the Yukon, Archdeacon Jules Prevost, the first full-time Episcopal missionary to the Indians of the Tanana, had been a vig-

orous missionary. Prevost's stations were at Circle, Rampart, and at Tanana Crossing, "inside," and at Nome and Valdez on the coast. He published the only newspaper in the interior, the occasional *Yukon Press*. He reported over thirty Indian villages in his area, with about six hundred native Indians.

Hudson Stuck was described, after sixteen years in Alaska, as the only man other than the bishop who had visited every Episcopal church, mission, or outpost. He actually served or supervised Alakaket, Anvik, Chena, Circle City, Eagle, Fairbanks, Fort Yukon, Nenana, Rampart, and Tanana with as many as two dozen lesser missions along the routes between the principal points. Some places thriving between 1905 and 1910 had disappeared by 1920. Circle City dropped from a population of 3,000 to 30 in three years. Repeatedly the hard-won investment of church building and rectory had to be abandoned as priest followed population. His first place of residence in 1904 was Fairbanks, which surprised him with its modern conveniences: electric lights, telephone, steam heat, fire protection. "10,000 people in the area but no one here to stay," he wrote. His move to Fort Yukon brought him to the real frontier.

Archdeacon Stuck's pattern of operation was to visit his mission stations by boat in summer and by dog sled in winter. Contrary to common notion, the ice-covered rivers formed uncertain highways in cold weather because of pressure ridges and "rubber ice." The danger of this latter phenomenon was in wetting the feet. The Alaskan dogsledder lives only briefly after water gets into his mukluks. In summer, a boat on the Yukon, leaving its many mouths on the Bering Sea,

goes upstream (south) to Andreaski, east to Holy Cross, north past Anvik to the great north-forking Koyukuk, thence eastward past the south-forking Tanana, then northeast where the mainstream is entered head-on by the Porcupine. The Yukon boatman then turns southeast to go upstream to Dawson, Canada. Between the tips of the fingers of the various tributaries there were the overland portages, some short (Fort Yukon to Coldfoot); some long (Fairbanks to Circle and Tanana Crossing to Fortymile); and some very long (Allakaket to the coast at Kotzebue Sound).

Stuck did not spend all winter every winter on the trail. A majority of the sixteen "long nights" were spent at his hospital and headquarters, Fort Yukon. He refreshed himself with voluminous reading, voluminous correspondence, voluminous writing. Several winters were spent, in full or part, lecturing in the United States and raising money.

#### THE TASK OF THE MISSIONARY

HE knew the problems of his vast area with clarity. First, there was distance. He contrived to conquer that as well as anyone of his day was able to do. Secondly, there was the language. Here he fell short of his usual spectacular success. In preaching he needed an interpreter. He insisted on preserving or modifying (rather than erasing) native folkways, but whereas he approved the principle of native words to hymns and native translations of the liturgy, the English language usage triumphed in a barbarous and sometimes hilarious fashion. Thirdly, he thought it a vicious practice to "Americanize" the natives for profit. The sale of bright cotton clothing brought gain to the merchants



but pneumonia to the natives. He thought it vital to preserve native skills, native clothing, native foods. He saw starvation wipe out whole families whose male hunters sought furs to sell instead of meat to eat, and who spent their pathetic dollars (\$5 for a \$1,000 fur) on hundred-proof "rotgut."

Like all other successful missionaries, Stuck equated the spiritual, the intellectual, and the physical. No substantial progress could be made in one area with the other two far behind. For decades his St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon was the only one north of the Arctic Circle and he made repeated attempts, some fairly successful, to educate (both in Alaska and in the States) a native ministry. His Johnnie Fredson took eight years to graduate from Sewanee, but he made it and lived out his short life teaching his people at Fort Yukon. Stuck's prize student, the magnificent half-breed, Walter Harper, was drowned in 1917 with his bride as he set sail to enter military training in the United States. It is ironic that Stuck's consuming desire to see ordained a native priest was never gratified.

Archdeacon Stuck was inclined to "play down" the wealth of Alaska. By no means did he join those who called it "Seward's Folly," but he thought the claims about great agricultural operations were overdrawn. He wanted Alaska saved for Alaskans. He discouraged prospecting because, in the lawless context in which it came, it brought such racking grief and suffering for the natives. The welfare of the Alaskan natives was always dear to him, and he would have been the first to rejoice when in 1957, after forty years of magnificent service, the renamed Hudson Stuck hospital (formerly St. Stephen's) in Fort Yukon closed be-

cause its work was no longer needed. Government hospitals, with a network of feeder clinics and teams of bush pilots, brought modern medicine to within a few hours of the most distant trapper's lean-to.

Few missionaries got to know their people better than Hudson Stuck. "It takes so much of their time just to stay alive," he said sympathetically. Added to this was the danger of "civilized" diseases such as measles, mumps, typhoid, and chicken pox. Even in winter contagion could spread, but in summer it could be appalling. A typical one-room Indian hut might be built of logs and dirt. Outside would be putrifying, unburied refuse from fish and game, latrine areas untended, with the heavy dog population, even less disciplined than the human. The rancid odor of garments unwashed from autumn to spring made an unhealthy combination with the fumes of pelts cured in urine. When low temperature refrigerated outdoor filth, the crowded indoors with chimneyless fires could be suffocating, a fearful hazard to respiratory ailments.

Left undisturbed and inured to their own infections, the Indians had lived for centuries, a happy, peaceable, shy people. They feared nothing because they had nothing wanted badly enough for an invader to endure the hardships necessary to get it. Then came the early gold strike of 1894, followed by the "Big Strikes" of '97, '98, and 1904. Of a sudden their whole world changed.

The duality of "Christian" civilization forced on an illiterate people the ironic contrast of completely selfless missionaries and completely grasping prospectors. Every foundation on which the native could stand was systematically undercut. His medicine men and their

gods failed him. His game was driven away. His fish disappeared. His weapons were outclassed. His women were "borrowed" and sent back diseased. Yet, the missionary kept trying to tell him, "Be a Christian like the white man."

Hudson Stuck appeared on the scene either too early or too late. As Stuck so forcefully pointed out, what was needed was strong governmental paternalism, such as was intended by our earliest settlers toward the American Indians and put into effect by the New Deal toward the underprivileged. Instead, Alaska opened up when the only thing sacred to the American politician was the right of the American entrepreneur to get rich.

By 1919, when Stuck carried his compelling arguments against the salmon cannery to the floors of the U.S. Congress, his was a powerful voice. And yet even his first-hand and heart-rending accounts of natives starving upstream because the seines of the coastal cannery intercepted their main staple, fell on deaf ears. The idealistic missionary was a pushover for the cannery lobbyists and logrollers. It was the same with his appeals for regulation of merchandizing and enforcement of liquor laws. Close friends still say the disappointment of congressional inertia was the cause of his death at the age of 57. He had assured his people that once their story was "carried to Washington" justice would be done.

The dynamic archdeacon's most implacable foe in the far north was whiskey. The natives had the characteristic reaction of primitive peoples to alcohol. They were quite unable to restrain themselves. Stuck's books and articles tell of the head of a family taking a week's



trapping of furs to the trader. In violation of the law, the native would receive his payment in liquor. He drank it on the way home, passed out in the snow, became a marble corpse by morning. His wife and shack full of children became wards of a disorganized society. The "law"—a fee-taking deputy with no support nearer than a hundred miles—could rarely be persuaded that his friend, the trader, was actually doing those things. Stuck pled for an Alaskan equivalent of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police.

#### HUDSON STUCK'S FAME

THE Alaskan venture was the fourth, final, and most important phase of the career of Hudson Stuck. It lasted sixteen years. During this period he became one of the best known missionaries in the world. He wrote five full-length books, all classics in their field and still valuable reference works. They were *Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled* (1914); *Ascent of Denali* (1914); *Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries* (1917); *A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast* (1920); and *Alaskan Missions of the Episcopal Church* (1920). All but the last were published by Scribners and the income from the first three was helpful in the final years of his life.

Of feature-length articles he wrote at least fifty. The largest number appeared in *The Spirit of Missions*, a sprightly little magazine to which was due most of what interest the Episcopal Church took in overseas evangelism. Stuck's books are collector's items and some day will be reprinted. Meantime, for those who can find them, they offer a glimpse of an ice-encrusted Lawrence of Arabia, undergirded with the zeal of St.

Paul. His descriptions of the Northern Lights are thrilling. His *Ascent of Denali* is the work of a strict scientist and geographer who turns poet at the top.

The famous mountain ascent which made Stuck a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society deserves mention. The massive 20,269 foot bulk of Denali, sighted by George Vancouver in 1794 from a distance of 140 miles had challenged countless adventurers. The brave but unreliable Frederick A. Cook claimed to have reached the top in 1906, but his photographic evidence was meticulously disproved as was, in 1908, his fraudulent visit to the North Pole. Belmore Browne, Cook's former companion and later nemesis, made his own try in 1910. The most incredible of all the attempts was made the same year when a roistering group of sourdoughs, buoyed by drunken bets, went out to conquer "The Great One" and returned claiming to have left a fourteen foot sapling on the top. Stuck later spotted the pole on the equally difficult North Peak, only a few hundred feet lower than the South Peak. Browne, in a carefully planned and brilliantly executed attack, came within a few hundred feet of the main peak in 1912. When blizzards drove him to the bottom, he saw an earthquake virtually demolish the knifelike ridge which had been part of his pathway up.

Stuck, with equipment ordered from New York and England the previous year, set out in the spring of 1913 from Fort Yukon with Harry P. Karstens, a Klondike prospector, Walter Harper, a half-Indian athlete, Robert G. Tatum, a 22-year-old Sewanee graduate who later became a clergyman, and Johnnie Fredson, an Indian who would receive his B.S. at Sewanee

in 1930. The Archdeacon's planning was letter-perfect. Fredson was left at the last permanent camp. They picked up Esias George, an Indian student at Nenana Mission, and he helped the climbers to a shortcut up Muldrow Glacier, then returned with the mission's dog team. The climbers shot and boiled to a concentrate some caribou and began the ascent of the quake-racked northeast ridge. Stuck made copious maps and barometer readings as he went, carefully naming for his friends previously uncharted pinnacles and crevasses. He was furious when his own matches caused the loss of their sugar and baking powder. "A fire," he muttered, "on a glacier."

They had about twenty miles to travel from the bottom. A fourth of the distance was over crevasses on which nearly every footstep had to be hacked out of the ice. At 18,000 feet they made their final climbing base between the North and South peaks, where the sourdoughs had gone wrong. The last dash from 19,000 was begun at 3 a.m. in the semi-brightness of a bitterly cold twenty-four hour day. Harper had to assist Stuck the last few yards. With characteristic consideration he made all three set foot on the pinnacle ahead of him. It was a rare day for that peak to be unshrouded in clouds, one of only two during the upper part of the climb when the top was open. In exhilaration they stayed three hours gazing triumphantly over their whitened world. Tatum later vowed the southwest slope was so precipitous he felt he could have dived to the bottom. "Denali's Wife" (Mount Foraker), a nearby peak of nearly as majestic size, was admired before the Archdeacon and his companions fought their way back down to Fredson. Bishop Rowe, who



had given express permission for the exploit, later said it paid the missionary district well in fame and funds.

#### HUDSON STUCK'S ACHIEVEMENTS

ARCHDEACON STUCK brought to the mission in Alaska the talents of a first-rate mind. He was versatile, adapting remarkably well to one of the Church's most grievous challenges. He lived an exemplary life of dedication and sacrifice. He defended the underprivileged and extended the concept of the missionary function far beyond the confines of holding services. In the best sense he was a social gospeller, willing to use the things of economics, science, and politics in God's work.

Stuck was builder of churches, schools, hospitals. He had a share in making Alaska the best known of the world's frontiers at a time when such an effort in public relations was incalculably valuable. There were others—the great Presbyterian Sheldon Jackson who introduced reindeer in 1892, the novelist Jack London, the rhymester Robert W. Service—they and others helped create for the world an image of Alaska. Among Episcopal missionaries were Octavius Parker, John W. Chapman, Charles and Margaret Betticher, Annie Craig Farthing, John B. Driggs, and others. But few matched the influence of Hudson Stuck, completely and consistently spending himself in Christ's service.

#### ON THE LONG TRAIL

"WINTER came down the Yukon early in October, 1920, with below zero temperatures and a heavy run of pan ice. It brought the news that Archdeacon Stuck was critically ill at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Grafton Burke at Fort Yukon." So wrote the Rev. B. W.

Gaither. He continued, "The operator of the radio station at Eagle sent an inquiry to the Burkes. The answer came back through the frigid darkness, 'He is on the long trail now.' Alaska wept."

Shortly before his death on October 10, 1920, Hudson Stuck wrote in *The Alaska Missions*, "As regards the native work, there are today, speaking broadly, no unbaptized natives left in Alaska. . . . The writer knows of none in the interior." Whereas the credit for such a statement must be divided among many, living and dead, there probably would not be a single one of his own contemporaries to deprive him of a large share of the honor due for such an extraordinary accomplishment. Even more eloquent was the brief statement in a 1920 church annual. It said "Among missionaries alive in that year Stuck was the most outstanding. He had travelled farther, accomplished more."

On the wall of All Saints' Chapel at Sewanee, facing north where he was buried among his beloved Indians, is a tablet inscribed:

*To the honored and beloved memory of Hudson Stuck, D.D., F.R.G.S. Born November 11, 1863, Died October 10, 1920. Author, Explorer, Missionary, Priest, Archdeacon of the Yukon, Devoted Alumnus of Sewanee. He was the first to reach the summit of Denali. He carried the Gospel to the farthest north. Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for my sake the same shall save it.*

## Prayers

**O** GOD, who hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth, and didst send thy blessed Son to preach peace to them that are far off and to them that are nigh; Grant that all men everywhere may seek after thee and find thee. Bring the nations into thy fold, pour out thy Spirit upon all flesh, and hasten thy kingdom; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.  
*Amen.*

**A**LMIGHTY GOD, sustain and prosper, we beseech thee, the mission to the peoples of Alaska; Guide and strengthen those who labor therein; turn towards thee the hearts of those who hear thy Holy Word and receive thy Holy Sacraments; We ask it in the Name of the Lord and Saviour of all, thy Son Jesus Christ.  
*Amen.*

**O** ALMIGHTY GOD, look mercifully upon the world which thou hast redeemed by the blood of thy dear Son, and incline the hearts of many to make acceptable sacrifice for the Mission of thy Church; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.  
*Amen.*



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